**Deciphering Love**

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# Deciphering Love

by Watermelonsmellinfellon

Summary


Le Chiffre smirked. Now that this enchanting creature had been brought into his realm of reference, he wouldn't be getting out.

Adam Raki catches the eye of a bad man. But even bad men can be good at times.


Notes

#Hannictober Day 17: Haunted House

Dearest TigerPrawn/@desperatelyseekingcannibals drew me in with her Adam Raki/Le Chiffre fic, so in response!

Note: Please respect people with Asperger's, Autism, or those on the Spectrum.

See the end of the work for more notes

# Haunted Revelations

**A/N: Hello, people!**

**I don't own Hannibal.**

**I have no beta.**

**ENJOY!**

**CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.**

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“I don’t like Haunted Houses,” said Adam. “Things usually displayed in them are factually incorrect or just impossible.”

Beth sighed and rolled her eyes. “Adam, people do it to get scared. I know that nothing in there is real, but I still like the ambiance.”

Adam wasn’t placated. He was staring up at the building with disinterest.

It was festooned with bright green liquids that bubbled over windows. Skeletons were positioned over the house, as if trying to gain entrance. Crosses out on the lawn were purposefully bowled over but stomping figures of monstrous proportion.

Adam was not impressed. And the music being played was boring.

Still, Beth had come to the observatory with him, so he’d at least do this for her. Quid pro quo, he was sure the saying went.

They entered, mindful of the couple at the door who informed them of the instructions. ‘Follow the Signs’.

They had truly given the game their best. Adam was at least impressed with the dedication though he could never understand why fiction inspired such interest.

They passed a butcher’s kitchen, completely with severed arm on the chopping block, and dangling body parts. Adam could tell they were fake immediately. Plastic held a certain scent that was familiar to him.

Beth cooed at various things, giggled at others, and roughly held onto his arm with some.

The man with the chainsaw had frightened her, but there was no chain, so it was just making an irritating noise with no purpose. Adam had almost told him as such, but decided to let Beth enjoy her fright. Strange.

They rounded the corner to enter a dining room that had a bodies seated at each chair. Some looked like monsters, others like ‘zombies’. There was an eyeball in a teacup to his right. One of the bodies was holding a severed leg to its mouth.

And then, one of the bodies that he had been sure was fake, do to the strange eye it had, turned to the body beside it and lifted a gun. And *this prop was actually real*.

Through the moonlight in the window, he could see the detail to know that it was not American in make and that a silencer had been placed on it. The body it was pointing at jerked back. A person moving out of the way. The hand holding the gun twitched and there was a small noise.

The other body slumped onto the table.

Beth squeaked and clutched his arm, trying to drag him from the room. Distantly, he could hear her murmur, “They went all out here.”

Should he tell her that someone was just murdered and was bleeding out on the table?

A glance back showed the man with the gun, looking right at him. His attractive face set, and his strange eye surrounded by blood that pooled at the tear duct.

The man raised a cloth and dabbed away the mess while standing.

Adam decided that it didn’t matter. He’d never see the man again.

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That night, Adam entered his apartment and stopped short at the sight that awaited him.

“Hello, darling.”

It was the man from the Haunted House. The one who shot someone dead under the pretense of a horror show. His accent was unknown to Adam.

“I realize that you and I have some business together. Mainly, your mouth and how willing you are to keeping it shut.”

Adam’s only answer was, “It’s rude to invite yourself into people’s houses and shoot others.”

There was a small smile. “Perhaps in your world.”

“We live in the same world,” Adam pointed out, not understand.

“Ah, yes. Your file said you take things too literally.” The man leaned forward, his suit coat bunching at the movement. “I meant that in my line of work, it wouldn’t be considered rude at all. More deserving if you knew the entire story.”

“And the entire story is?”

Another smirk.

“Theft. A lot of money taken without permission. My men weren’t skilled enough to handle the grievance on their own, so I had to personally get involved.”

The man lifted the cloth from early and dabbed his eye that had started to bleed again. “You’d think after years of building a gruesome reputation, people would know not to steal from Le Chiffre.”

“You stole back your money and then killed him as punishment,” said Adam, having already put the pieces together. He didn’t like it. Couldn’t he have just taken the money? Though stealing from people usually had consequences.

“Very good,” the other man purred, and Adam could actually *tell* the difference between this and his previous statement. There was a new lilt to his voice. “Now, about your continued silence. I noticed that you didn’t call the police or alert the homeowners to their new plight.”

“It wasn’t my business.”

“And now that I have brought the business to you? What do you plan to do now?”

Frowning, Adam looked toward the clock. “I’m going to eat a very late dinner, watch my program, then shower for five minutes, and go to bed. You are interrupting my schedule.”

The man’s grin disappeared, and he simply stared at Adam as he went about heating up his macaroni and cheese.

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Never before had someone been so straightforward with him. He was so used to subterfuge and the hell that metaphors presented. But with this young man, none of that was working.

He told it like it was.

From what his file had said, he had Asperger’s, which was on the Autism spectrum. Notes included, ‘taking things too literally’ and ‘does not comprehend hyperbole’.

He found himself intrigued. A murder witness who wasn’t even scared. Not shocked. Not pleading for his life. He was making himself dinner and was setting up his laptop, which seemed to be paused on a documentary about space.

How refreshing.

Pulling a pen from his pocket, he searched for a piece of paper, and found a blank one on the bookcase.

The man wrote down a few numbers and placed the paper on the kitchen table, beside Adam Raki’s arm.

“If you get a call from any of these numbers, answer.”

Adam Raki spared him a small, confused glance, before returning to his program.

Le Chiffre smirked. Now that this enchanting creature had been brought into his realm of reference, he wouldn't be getting out.

Ever.

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**A/N: DONE!**

**How was it? Let me know!**

**Check out my other Hannigram fics!**

**See ya! :D**

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# Wrap Around

Chapter Summary

Adam needs help defending himself against the elements.

Chapter Notes

#Hannictober Day 23: Scarves

Altin is an Albanian name meaning ‘gold’ which I think it ironic because he’s a banker. Also, he is considered to be Albanian, so I went with that.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

**A/N: Hello, people!**

**I don't own Hannibal.**

**I have no beta.**

**ENJOY!**

**CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.**

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Adam blinked, not expecting to find the man who called himself Le Chiffre to accost him when he stepped outside that morning.

Well, accost was probably not the word he should use. Perhaps being surprised by people so early in the morning was normal for Neurotypicals, but as Adam was Neurodivergent, he was not used to such things.

“Hello, Adam,” the man practically purred. And yes, Adam had looked up the distinction. It wasn’t just his accent that made Adam’s name come out in such a way. He was deliberately emphasizing it that way. For whatever reason.

“Hello, sir whose name I don’t know.”

The man smirked, cheeks pulling a little tight. His real eye was almost burgundy, and shined with unknown emotion. The other eye remained as it was.

Before his eyes, a dribble of blood welled at the duct and spilled over. Le Chiffre reached into his suit coat pocket and withdrew a new cloth, which he used to wipe away the blood.

“I do hope I’m not interrupting your morning.”

“You are.”

The man smiled. Not like other people who would frown and accuse him of being rude.

Was he amused, or happy? Was he smiling for any pleasant emotion? People smiled even when they weren't happy.

“There is a chill,” said the man. He looked up and then around. His mismatched eyes then landed on Adam. “You took no precaution against the elements.”

“My jacket is good enough,” Adam insisted, wondering how long this would take.

Le Chiffre smiled again and began to undo his black scarf. “We can’t have you freezing out here, now can we?”

Leaning forward, the man folded the scarf in half and then looped the fabric carefully around Adam’s neck and slipped the deliberately frayed edges into the hole provided. He tightened the hold a bit in the usual gentleman’s knot. It was soft.

“May I escort you to your destination?”

Adam ended up nodding, confused. The man gave Adam his scarf to protect from the cold, but that left *him* without any protection.

“Lovely,” Le Chiffre smiled, placing a hand lightly on Adam’s lower back.

The duo made their way down the sidewalk, surely strange to see by anyone watching.

“What is your name?”

“Will you keep it to yourself?”

“I have no one to tell.”

Le Chiffre's lips pursed.

“Altin. Perhaps I’ll give you my surname at a later date, dear Adam.”

Adam didn’t really think it was fair as the man knew *his* full name, but decided that he wouldn’t bother complaining.

It could be worse. He could still not know what to call the man.

**A/N: DONE!**

**How was it? Let me know!**

**Check out my other Hannigram fics!**

**See ya! :D**

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Chapter End Notes

How was it?

# Contemplations

Chapter Summary

Le Cheffre considers Adam.

Chapter Notes

So Adam's job is for people who are smart enough to pass the schooling required, so I made him a bit smarter because why not?

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Le Chiffre fingered the chess piece carefully. Queen. Queens tended to hold the most power, but that did not mean that no one else could be just as powerful. And at any time, another Queen could pop up and challenge for power.

And what Le Chiffre had formerly thought would be a simple Pawn, had in fact become a Queen in no time at all.

Adam Raki. Such an interesting fellow.

Le Chiffre had obviously expedited a background check on the young man, wanting to know everything about him as quickly as possible.

A certified genius, which had apparently shocked some. The boy was a Mechanical Engineer and an amateur astronomer. He had graduated from John Hopkins Whiting School of Engineering, with a Mastery. He'd also completed his degree online, and had completed it much faster than most postgraduates did, for he concentrated almost obsessively on his work. As was a result of his Asperger's.

Recently, he'd also worked on achieving a B.S. in Computer Science and an M.S. in Artificial Intelligence.

So far, the young man had invented several interesting toys at the company he worked for. In fact, he'd developed a specific Artificial Intelligence that he had encrypted on various chips and had implanted into several dolls of his own making.

The AI itself was still in its developmental stages, but was so far capable of speaking perfect English, Spanish, French, and German. Each chip was capable of recognizing one another through some kind of GPS device that Adam had managed to create.

The chips were all programmed with different names, so they greeted one another when in close proximity, or so Adam's notes said. And as they had voice recognition software within, they could tell who was speaking to them just by the voice.

It was all very impressive.

Unfortunately, a lot of Adam's fellow employees found him to be annoying because he did not attend company get togethers, did not make it a point to try and build friendships at the office, and tended to ignore everyone in favor of his work.

Le Chiffre shook his head. Americans were always complaining about something. They wanted their workers to give their lives to their jobs, and when said workers did so, suddenly they were bothersome and should connect more.

It was simply jealousy. Adam had only been working in his department for two years and had already accomplished more than most of his fellows. The young man, only eleven years Le Chiffre's junior, had done so much in such little time.

They should have been grateful.

In fact, someone of Adam's caliber would be useful in many departments. Not just the one he was currently in.

The man reached into his pocket, withdrawing his cloth for the day. Dabbing away the blood had become routine ages ago and it didn't interrupt his musings.

He'd long ago accepted it. Besides, it worked when unnerving his competitors. Manipulation was his specialty after all.

Back to Adam Raki, the jewel beneath the sand.

Le Chiffre found himself very much interested in the younger man. More beyond a potential partner in work alone. Perhaps a partner in all areas of his life?

His attitude was refreshing, and while it was that that usually pushed others away, Altin was not 'others'.

Not only was he pleasing to look at, but the brain within that pleasing shell was also lovely. Now all he had to do was reel the young man in.

His status claimed that he had one two known friends. The young woman he'd went into the Haunted House with, and a large, Black gentleman who was a long time friend of the Raki family.

Elizabeth Buchwald and Harlan Keyes.

The first order of business was to integrate himself into the young man's life, and ingratiate himself in the eyes of his two most important people.

Placing the Queen down, he reached out and promoted the White Pawn to its new position. Queen.

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Adam tweaked the wiring a bit, and injected the chip once more.

Bette's voice came out clear immediately. "Hello, my name is Bette."

Her pronunciation was perfect.

"Hello, Bette. I'm Adam."

"Hello, Creator."

He spared a smile, feeling accomplished. His very first AI was finished. Totally and completely finished.

"Bette, in French."

"Je M'appelle, Bette."

"Very good."

"Merci."

"In Spanish."

"Gracias."

Adam took up the doll and left his cubicle, introducing her to some of his coworkers and switching back and forth between them to make sure that the technology did indeed determine their voices apart from one another.

This was probably the first day he truly enjoyed his job.

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**A/N: DONE!**

**How was it? Let me know!**

**Check out my other Hannigram fics!**

**See ya! :D**

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# Conversations

Chapter Summary

Convo on the phone.

Chapter Notes

Some fluff.

**A/N: Hello, people!**

**I don't own Hannibal.**

**I have no beta.**

**ENJOY!**

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Adam's phone was ringing, but Adam made it a habit to only answer after the third ring. It was how he gauged whether or not it was worth answering.

Some people would hang up before he answered, which annoyed him because he had to deviate from whatever he was doing in order to be polite and answer the phone.

If people kept trying after the third ring, they were usually serious. Usually.

Of course he did not recognize the number, so he was a little hesitant, but what if it was Beth? What if she got into an accident or lost her phone? What if it was an emergency?

Sighing, Adam answered.

"Hello?"

"Hello, dear Adam," a familiar voice said.

Altin. He sounded… different, over the phone. Not as fancy as he did in person. Perhaps reception was bad.

“What do you want?” the brunet asked, staring at the number and committing it to memory.

“I simply wished to see how you were doing today.”

The younger man frowned. “We’re talking over the phone, you cannot see me.”

“I meant that I wanted to know how you are doing today, Adam.”

Oh. Probably a cue he’d missed then?

“Oh. I’m fine.” Pausing, he bit his lip in frustration and asked, “How are you?”

He’d read that it was only polite to ask in return and he didn’t know if he was being invasive or not. The people he’d asked all had different opinions which hadn’t helped him form a clear idea.

There was a puff of air that crackled through the speaker. “I’m fine as well, darling. I’m speaking to *you* aren’t I?”

“I don’t understand how speaking with me would make your day fine.”

“I suppose not,” Altin admitted. “I’m merely teasing you, dearest.”

Oh. “You mean flirting?” It hadn’t sounded rude or like he was being mean, so it had to be the good kind of flirting. Right?

“Yes. Exactly so.”

“Oh.”

No one had ever flirted with Adam before. He didn’t really know what to do in response.

He opted to ask, “Was there something you wanted?”

“Simply to hear your lovely voice.”

No one had ever said anything like that either. People claimed that he sounded creepy and strange. And that they wished he wouldn’t speak at all.

“Tell me about your day, darling,” Altin said after a moment of silence, voice smooth.

Cautiously, Adam began to talk about what he did at work. His AI. His plan to go to the park later on if he could.

All the while, he was amazed that Altin listened very carefully and asked questions that proved he was listening.

No one but Beth and Harlan and his dad had ever bothered before.

It was nice.

“How’s life been treating you?” Beth asked as she accepted the cup of tea he’d made for her. Beth liked tea and Adam tried to make it every time she came over.

“Good,” he answered, having learned what that had meant years ago. “I met a man. I like him.”

Beth smiled. “What’s he look like?”

His face screwed up in concentration, trying to think very carefully. “An inch or two taller than me, with dark brown hair that he parts to the side. He dresses in black suits, and his left eye is fake. He has nice cheekbones. I’m sexually attracted to him.”

Beth’s smile remained, though her eyes seemed more tight.

“What’s his name?”

“Altin Chiffre. He’s really nice and he bought me a coffee the other morning and gave me his scarf because he thought I should have one because it was too cold without one. I washed it, but I haven’t seen him to give it back. He must be cold without it.”

He was pouting, he knew.

The man killed someone, but that someone had stolen his money. A lot of money apparently. So while Adam didn’t believe that it was okay to kill people, he also didn’t agree with taking what weren’t yours.

Though he *did* wonder why Altin couldn’t have told the police. Was his line of work so bad that the police wouldn’t be able to help?

He didn’t look like the stereotypical mafia boss.

Beth placed a hand on his arm, halting his thoughts.

“It sounds like he likes you.”

Adam nodded. “He admitted to flirting with me.”

“Did you flirt back?”

“I… don’t know how.”

Beth proceeded to inform him of just what he could do to ‘flirt back’. He might even try one of them at some point.

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**A/N: Another is done!**

**How was it? Let me know!**

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**See ya! :D**

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# Dinner Date

Chapter Summary

Dinner companions!

Chapter Notes

Fluff and hints at sex next chapter?

**A/N: Hello, people!**

**I don't own Hannibal.**

**I have no beta.**

**ENJOY!**

**CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.**

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Adam smiled upon seeing Le Chiffre standing at his door, holding a bag.

He hadn't seen the man since the scarf incident, but that didn't mean Adam didn't think about him. He'd wanted to speak to the man again, but he wasn't sure which number to call. He'd been given a list, and what if he called the wrong one?

"Hello, Adam."

"Hi, Altin."

The man's head tilted to the side a bit.

"You like my name?"

"Yes," said Adam as he unlocked his door. "It is a good name. Do you- would you like to come in?" he asked, remembering that it was polite to do so.

“I’d love that.”

Altin entered slowly and carefully. Actually invited this time.

The man took up a lot of space. Adam could easily tell that he was used to being the center of attention. It was the way he looked around the room when he walked in. As if expecting someone to do something.

Adam didn’t know what, but he decided not to ask. He probably wouldn’t understand it.

Altin placed his large bag on the table. “I was wondering if we could share our dinner time together this evening.”

Shocked, Adam nodded. No one had ever wanted to eat dinner with him in his house. They usually wanted fast food. Oily things that he didn’t like eating. Unhealthy foods that people spent far too much money on when they didn’t need to. He knew of places where he could get the same unhealthy foods that *weren’t* at restaurant prices.

“I figured you might have something you’d prefer to eat like you always do, but I bought enough for two in case you wished to sample my chosen dish for the evening,” said the man as he unloaded the bag onto the table.

Altin knew that Adam had a routine and preferred to keep it. It was all that could explain why he make such an assumption. But he’d still bought more food in case Adam changed his mind?

“What is it?” Adam asked as he removed his coat and went to hang it up. Distantly he remembered to ask for Altin’s coat as well.

The man took it off slowly, revealing striking shoulders covered in a nicely cut, black suit. Adam’s eyes lingered on the man’s arms and hands a bit longer than necessary. He had nice hands.

The trench coat was put up as well.

“Penne alla Vodka,” Altin said, his voice making the food sound like something out of one of Adam’s favorite porn videos.

Altin pulled the lid off the nearest contained and gestured for Adam to check it himself. Adam leaned in and took in the smell. His mouth watered immediately. That had never happened before.

It looked like a more pink version of macaroni and cheese. But it smelled better. And looked a little better. And not freeze dried.

“I would like to taste it,” he decided.

Le Chiffre smiled. “Where is your cutlery located?”

Adam gestured to a drawer in the kitchen as he went to get his laptop. It was a bit early for food, but he was suddenly hungry.

“I have to watch my show,” Adam told the man, who merely smiled.

Before Adam could take up his own fork, Altin was offering one already, and only it was a piece of penne pasta. The man’s mouth was turned up. “Eat up, darling.”

It had been years since someone had fed Adam. He’d thought it was only for babies and Altin knew that he wasn’t a baby.

“I’m not a child.”

“I know, but I would like to take care of you. If you’ll let me.”

Feeling what he could only describe as flustered, Adam leaned forward and closed his mouth around the food.

---

Le Chiffre smiled in satisfaction when Adam didn’t question him and simply ate the pasta. It was a sign of trust.

Also, watching the boy’s mouth work around the fork made Le Chiffre’s trousers tighten. And how he said the older man’s name made him want to test out just how it would sound if it was being moaned. Or perhaps said when breathless.

Of course he would have to wait a while before trying to move down that road. He didn’t want to make poor Adam uncomfortable. He had more class than to simply push himself on the young man.

“Are we going to have sex after this?”

Le Chiffre blinked, having not expected the non sequitur. The boy wasn’t blushing, nor did he seem turned off toward the idea. He merely looked curious. As if this was the kind of question people usually asked during dinner.

“That wasn’t my intention when coming here this night. I assumed you’d prefer some more romancing first. It would be rude to presume that you would want to escalate our relationship to such levels so soon.”

Adam leaned forward for another bite of penne, and Le Chiffre dutifully scooped some more for him, enjoying how that shapely mouth worked around the food.

After chewing for a moment, the boy said, “You are sexually appealing. I am aroused whenever I look at you. I would like to have sex with you. But if you don’t want to have sex with me yet, I can wait.”

Leaning into the boy’s personal space, Altin couldn’t help but purr in his ear, “I would like nothing more than to take you to bed and thoroughly please you, dearest.”

Adam blinked, still chewing. “After dinner. And a shower. I like clean sex.”

Strangely charmed, Le Chiffre allowed the young man to eat the rest of his bowl in order to focus on his own food.

Apparently, to Adam there was nothing too fast about the situation. So long as he didn’t feel cornered or rushed, then he didn’t mind it either.

He wasn’t in the habit of making his sexual partners/romantic partners uncomfortable. So long as he could help it.

Feeling the blood slipping from his tear duct, he turned away in order to wipe it. Best not to ruin Adam’s meal.

“Why do you turn away when you do that?”

Blinking, the bad man turned back to his companion. “It is… unnerving and can ruin the atmosphere. My eye tends to make my partners nervous.”

“I don’t understand how.”

Adam took another bite, still looking at him. “I like your fake eye and scar. They’re unique. Sexy.”

Le Chiffre’s interest in the boy skyrocketed immediately.

Anyone unable to see what a gem Adam Raki was, was a fool.

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**A/N: Another is done!**

**How was it? Let me know!**

**Check out my other Hannigram fics!**

**See ya! :D**

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End Notes

How was it?

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